AN UNCONVENTIONAL ENDING.

"Confound it all!" muttered Leslie Conyers, as he rumpled his aggressive-looking hair and stared wildly at the huge mass of letters and manuscripts that glared back at him uncompromisingly from his desk. "Confound it all! I must really get somebody to assist me with my work. Commissions are pouring in from the magazines and I don't know which way to turn."

Then a voice seemed to whisper in his ear: "Get a girl typist and dictate to her. Her presence may inspire you and her machine will undoubtedly prove useful." He obeyed the whisper, and next morning the following advertisement appeared in the Daily Telephone:

"Wanted—An efficient and rapid young lady typist, with her own machine, to assist author in literary work and correspondence. Apply to Leslie Conyers, 27X, Clifford's Inn, W. C."

Throughout the day a long procession of women, whose ages varied from 18 to 57, filed slowly up the stairs that led to the dingy rooms where Conyers toiled toward fame and £5 per 1,000 words. One by one he interviewed the applicants, the majority of whom appeared hopeless. In all sixty-five ladies applied. When at length they had departed he sat down and summed up their qualifications tablewise thus:

	Applicants.
Too elderly and severe	20
Hopeless spellers	25
Utter imbeciles	10
Too "flirtatious" (apparently)	9
Clever, competent and suitable	1

To the "1 ditto" he accordingly wrote next morning asking her to consider herself engaged and to appear with her Remington at Clifford's Inn on the following Monday at 10 a. m. precisely. The Monday arrived and there came also Miss Daisy Bolton, a tall, slim young woman with pretty hair and humorous eyes.

"Er—good morning," said the author, feeling a trifle nervous as he surveyed his new assistant. "Have you brought your typewriter?"

"Yes. The porter is bringing it up."

A moment later the machine made its appearance. Miss Bolton removed the cover in a business-like fashion and then sat down at the table indicated by Conyers. She ran her fingers lightly over the keys of the typewriter and this action pleased Conyers, for in all the stories he had ever read or written concerning lady typists they invariably began operations in this fashion.

"Now, be kind enough to copy this manuscript," he said timidly, as he placed on the table a formidable-looking mass of foolscap, "and when you have finished I will get you to write some letters."

She nodded and smiled. Two hours later the work was ended and Conyers was delighted.

"Er—this is excellent, quite excellent," he murmured. "I never dreamed that the typewriter could achieve such wonders."

"Didn't you?" replied the girl quietly.

At 1 o'clock she went out to lunch, and the author felt lonely. Already he was beginning to appreciate that graceful presence in his dingy room, and he looked anxiously at the clock.

"I told her to take an hour," he reflected, "but I wish I had made it forty-five minutes."

In order to fill the weary interval he went and had some luncheon himself, and when he returned Miss Bolton was already at work.

"I thought you might want this short tale typed," she said, as she pointed to a manuscript, "so I started on it directly I came in."

"Quite right," he murmured, and then told himself that the girl was as industrious as she was pretty.

In the days that followed this view was confirmed. Miss Bolton was everything that the most exacting author could wish. She arrived each morning as the clock struck 10, worked with rigid persistence till 1, took exactly sixty minutes for lunch, and never desired to leave before the appointed hour of 5. Altogether she was admirable, and a hundred times a day did he bless the happy inspiration which had led to her installment in Clifford's Inn. One evening he approached the girl's table and said, with a touch of indifference in his voice, "Er—Miss Bolton, I have just received a couple of stalls for the Gaiety—and—and—"

"Yes," she exclaimed, looking up with a bright smile of encouragement, "Yes."

"Er—I want to know whether you would give me the pleasure of your company. The seats are for tomorrow night, and I should be so delighted if you would come."

The girl hesitated. "I—I don't know if mother would like it," she faltered.

"Why not ask her?" Surely she can have no objection, for remember that we are no longer strangers, and that you have been with me several months."

"Very well, I'll see."

Next morning he met her with the question. "Well, and what did your autocratic mother say in reference to the theater?"

"She said I might go, but that I must not be home later than 12."

His face grew red with delight. "By Jove, that's good," he explained, "we shall just have time for a morsel of supper after the performance and then I can drive you home."

"That will be delightful."

Then perceiving that some remark was trembling on her lips, he added, "Is there anything you want to say?"

"Just this," she faltered, "I—I haven't a theater dress, so will it matter if I go in my ordinary things?"

"Matter? Not a little bit. It is only at the opera, you know, that they insist upon the conventional outfit. The things you are wearing now will do capitally."

And so it came to pass that the evening found the author and his pretty typist in the stalls of the Gaiety Theater, and Conyers discovered for the first time that musical comedy did not necessarily mean weariness. Perhaps the presence of Miss Bolton at his side accounted for his new discovery. After the performance they had some supper, and then the author hailed a hansom and landed the girl inside.

He thought that the time had now come when he might venture to squeeze her hand, but he was sorry for his boldness an instant later. The girl drew her hand away with a cry of annoyance and said hastily, "Don't, please don't."

"I—I'm awfully sorry if I've annoyed you," he hastened to say, "but your hand was so close to mine that somehow I couldn't help touching it."

He was a trifle disappointed at her behavior, but the snub served to deepen his admiration.

* * * * *

Until the coming of Miss Bolton into his office Leslie Conyers had not looked upon matrimony with any marked favor, but now his views were in a state of transition. He began to think that it would be very pleasant to be able to retain the girl after 5 o'clock, to have her beside him for the remainder of his life.

"The only objection to my proposing to her is the horrible and obvious conventionality of the business," he reflected, "for in every story the author has invariably proposed to the typist in the last chapter."

Now, Leslie Conyers prided himself on the unconventionality of his fictional personages, and was never happier than when devising an utterly unexpected ending to a story. It, therefore, galled him to think that he, the apostle of the unconventional, should humiliate himself to the level of the author of fiction, but there seemed no help for it. He was in love with Daisy Bolton and wanted to make her his wife. At length there came the day when he could no longer restrain his impulse. She was sitting at her table busily engaged in typing, looking divinely pretty the while.

"Miss Bolton," he said, nervously, "do you mind stopping your work for a little while, because I want to speak to you?"

"Yes," she replied, with an upward inflection("yes?"

"I want to know if you will be my wife. I think you are the sweetest woman on earth, and I believe I could make you happy."

She rose and surveyed him with a curious smile. "I am very much afraid, Mr. Conyers," she replied slowly, "I am very much afraid that I must say no."

He swayed toward her with a look of entreaty. "You—you say no," he cried. "But—but you don't feel—no—do you?"

"I do, indeed. What you ask is impossible."

"Impossible?"

"Yes, quite out of the question."

"Don't you like me? Don't you care for me?"

"Yes, I like you very much indeed, but if you knew the truth concerning me I feel sure you would never have asked me to be your wife."

The truth! What did she mean? Was it possible that her past held some guilty secret and that her innocent face was but a mask which concealed lurid things?

"Daisy," he said, hoarsely, "don't play with me; tell me the truth. Is there any man who means aught to you?"

"There are several," she replied calmly.

"Several? Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "are you speaking in jest?"

"Hardly. I went to Hastings last year with one, to Margate the year before with another, and to Ramsgate the previous year to that with the third."

"Heavens! Are you cynical enough to stand there and make such a shameful confession?"

"There is nothing shameful whatever about it," replied the young lady calmly. "And if you knew the whole truth, instead of only a section of it, you would agree with me."

There was a long pause. At the end of it he controlled his excitement with an effort and burst out, "I care not a straw what your past has been. Marry me and begin a fresh life."

"I refuse, I refuse," she laughed.

"I will make you the happiest woman in England."

"You can not do that, Mr. Conyers."

"Can not? Try me and see."

"You can not do it, because even you can not change a boy into a girl."

"A boy?" he echoed stupidly; and then, stricken with amazement, he beheld Daisy wrench off a wig. An instant later she stood before him, a slim, good-looking youth of 16 or thereabouts.

"Great Scott!" he yelled, "what does this mean?"

"Simply that I was in want of a berth, Mr. Conyers, but I knew that the market value of boys of 16 was about five shillings a week, while a girl of 20 might claim a sovereign, so I made up as Daisy Bolton and took the situation and the £1 a week that went with it."

For several minutes Conyers could not speak a word. Then he said slowly: "You young rascal, I have half a mind to give you the sack for this."

"I don't think you will," replied the boy saucily. "What would the Press Association give me for a story of the kind, do you think? Just fancy what a headline it would make for the half-penny papers: 'Well Known Author and His Lady Typist—A Proposal of Marriage That Did Not Come Off.' "

Conyers could not help laughing. "Er—I never thought of that," he murmured. "You can remain."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy.

"And to think," pondered Conyers that evening; "to think that I actually wanted to squeeze that young scoundrel's hand."

He felt exceedingly disgusted, but the one redeeming point of the affair was the fact that his romance had had an unconventional ending indeed.—Ethel Carruthers, in The Tatler.

Drink Water Lose Weight.

It is generally believed that excessive or even moderate drinking of water is conductive to an increase of flesh, and that therefore stout people should carefully avoid nature's beverage. That the direct contrary is really the case is the statement made by Henri De Parville in the Journal Des Debats, Paris. M. De Parville states his case in part as follows:

"The fact that drinking water makes one thin instead of fat has recently been clearly shown by M. Maurel in his experiment with guinea pigs. This investigator injected into a guinea pig 25 grains at 6 p. m., the experiments being continued for three days. During this time the animal took 72 grams of bran, 265 grams of carrots and 210 grams of carrot stalks. The total quantity of water in the food was 130 grams, so that the entire amount of water taken each day was 180 grams.

During the water treatment the animal lost four grams each day. After the interval of three days had passed the guinea pig was given 63 grams of bran, 263 grams of carrots and 200 grams of corn stalks, but no water. Notwithstanding this fact, however, the animal gained in weight each day. The experiment was pursued in an inverse sense, the results being an increase in weight without water of two grams each day and a decrease with water of eight grams a day. The experiment has been performed in other ways, which have led to the same conclusion. For example, MM. Dehove and Flamant gave a patient four liters of an infusion for a month without producing a variation in weight, while M. Flamant himself drank 3,250 grams of liquid for seven days in place of his usual quantity of 1,250 grams without producing any increase in weight."

Miles and the Bear.

It is told that when the principal guest of the Gridiron, a famous dinner club in Washington, was a president of the United States, who but a few days before had occasion to speak with spirit and point to the commanding general of the army, two bears entered the banquet chamber. One of them was a real bear; the other was an imitation bear with a man inside of it. The pair rolled into the middle of the hall and stood up and faced the toastmaster.

"Where did you come from?" he asked them.

"We've been over to the White House to see the president," said the smaller bear, dolorously. It was then observed that his fur was much disarranged, one of his ears was nearly severed from his head, and that he was in an apparently much enfeebled condition.

"You do not look very well," observed the chairman.

"Don't I?" answered the small bear. "Don't I? Gee, but you ought to have seen Miles!"—Everybody's Magazine.

Luck means rising at 6 o'clock in the morning: living on a dollar a day if you earn two; minding your own business and not meddling with other people's. Luck means appointments you have never failed to keep; the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources.

The Double Daisies grow quite easily from seed and are a source of much joy. They may be planted in boxes and then transplanted to the lawn or flower garden.

FINLANDER AND AMERICAN.

A Big Difference That Produces Important Results.

The American has a lot to learn from the people of the old world. This is written for the complaining native who on looking in his mirror beholds a failure.

The Homestake mining company Lead, S. D., employs many foreigners, more especially Finlanders. When a Finn goes to work for that company he starts with an appreciation of the value of a dollar. Having been ground down in the old country he does not put on any style or flub-dubs. The Homestake pays first class wages, and the Finlander puts the bulk of his money in the bank. In five or six years he takes his money and comes down here in the valley and buys a farm. He raises fine horses, he builds stone barns, and he keeps an eye on the main chance. The wife makes butter and attends to the chickens. That Finlander in ten years is a mighty independent proposition.

But the American? He has been spoiled. He has never worked for twenty-five cents a day and he speaks grandly of living wages. He takes his $3 a day that the Homestake pays him every day and spends it, and what he does not spend his wife handles. Mrs. American demands electric lights in the house and a piano, because her neighbor, whose husband is a wealthy man, has electric lights in the house and a piano. Mrs. American demands clothes and hats; likewise music lessons for Mary Ann, who by the way, has a voice that sounds like ripping up an iron roof. Every pay day finds the American behind and in debt. Suddenly he gets the idea that it is easy to make money by tackling the roulette wheel. He tries the wheel and fortune snaps him in the face. After that he seeks to drown his troubles in the bowl. The company soon ascertains that he is not doing his work as he should, and he is fired without any ceremony. After that he stands on the street corner and howls about the "cursed" corporations and foreign labor."

But the Finlander is working away on his farm. He has started a little orchard and there are many good things in his garden. The children are healthy and strong and are taught not to be afraid of hard work. They may be found in the garden after school, each one busy weeding the onions or the potatoes. Mary Ann, the daughter of Mrs. American, would not weed potatoes. It would soil her hands and Mary Ann must keep her hands in shape so that she can lure the daylights out of the piano.

You see the lesson, don't you? Too much bric-a-brac in the front room and no blankets on the beds. Too many pictures in the parlor and no butter on the table. An oyster appetite and a salt pork income. A desire to emulate the rich and a fear of doing hard work and a frantic kowtowing to conventionality and appearances.

Yes the American has a lot to learn from the people of the old world.—Whitewood, S. D. Plain Dealer.

Coquelin's Wit Won.

One of the famous of the Quartier Latin clubs in Paris is the one which is called "The Sub Rosa," and the most famous of its members is the great actor Coquelin, pere, but the story of his election has not yet been told in print.

He was present one night at the club's late supper, a weekly feast, and having heard that there was a vacancy in the roll, applied for membership. Now, the only rules of the "Sub Rosa" men are: "Think much. Write little. Be as silent as you can."

The presiding officer, with this last rule in mind, answered the applicant by placing before him a tumbler full of water that another drop would have caused it to run over. Coquelin understood. He had evidently been misinformed about the vacancy, the club membership was obviously full.

Over the table was suspended a rose, the club emblem. While the glass still stood before him Coquelin broke a petal from the flower and laid it so gently on the water that not a single drop escaped. A silent man could join and make no trouble.

Around the table ran a ripple of smiles and little handclasps and nods of approval, and then, as if of one accord, all began making bread balls. Then the cup was passed from hand to hand, and each deposited his "ballot" in it—and all were found to be round; not one had been pressed flat in sign of disapproval. So Coquelin joined the Sub Rosa Club.—Success.

Every reader of this paper should grow flowers of some kind this season. There is more real enjoyment and expectation in growing them from seed than any other way. Don't be afaid of blunders—they are the forerunners of great discoveries, sometimes.

"Oh, yes, I gave my husband a motor on his birthday."

"But I thought he didn't like motor cars?"

"He doesn't. But I do!"—Punch.

THE HAY MARKET.

Kansas City, Mo.—Receipts, prairie, 13 cars; timothy, 4 cars; straw, 6 cars, alfalfa, 2 cars; clover mixed, 2 cars. Total, 27 cars.

Market firm and demand good, both for tame and prairie, and the offerings were disposed of without trouble.

Choice prairie, $7.75@8.25; No. 1 prairie, $7.25@7.75; No. 2 prairie, $6.25@7.00; No. 3 prairie, $5.00@6.00; No. 4 prairie, $4.00@4.75; choice timothy, $9.50@10.00; No. 1 timothy, $8.50@9.00; No. 2 timothy, $7.50@8.25; No. 3 timothy, $6.00@7.25; choice clover mixed, $9.00@9.25; No. 1 clover mixed, $8.00@8.50; No. 2 clover mixed, $7.00@8.00; No. 3 clover mixed, $6.00@7.00; choice clover, $9.50@10.00; No. 1 clover, $8.50@9.00; No. 2 clover, $7.50@8.50; wheat and oat straw, $5.00@5.50; rye straw, $6.00@7.00; choice alfalfa, $12.00@12.50; No. 1 alfalfa, $10.75@11.75; No. 2 alfalfa, $9.50@10.50; No. 3 alfalfa, $7.50@9.50.

GLOBE SIGHTS.

The fat in bacon is not as fat as it used to be.

In reform work, it is very easy to demand too much.

As a rule people do not take kindly to a man who wears gaiters.

Ever occur to you that corn bread is becoming more popular?

It does not take up any more time to be polite than disagreeable.

A spiritualist paper in Chicago is known as "The Progressive Thinker."

Some women think the only stamp of elegance necessary is to wear a train.

Don't neglect work that is really important for reform work that doesn't amount to anything.

If a boy is healthy, two minutes after he has reached home from school he is eating something.

If the years have done nothing else for a man, they have changed his opinion of what constitutes a good time.

It is the involuntary impulse of nine in ten, when picking up a postal card to turn over to see what is written on it.

When a caller comes, the husband and wife each tell something the other thinks should have been kept a secret.

When a good natured woman goes visiting she extends invitations to half the neighbor women of her hostess to visit her.

Every one applauds when a housekeeper uses up old scraps, but when it is done at a boarding house, what a roar follows!—Atchison Globe.

Daniel Murray, long an assistant in the library of congress, is preparing a historical review of the exploits of negroes and persons of mixed blood in literature and other fields. Mr. Murray said in a recent interview: "To the great mass of readers it will be news that Robert Browning was an octoroon. The same may be said of Alexander Hamilton. Alexander Poushkin, Russia's greatest poet, was a quadroon."

If it did not cost money I believe all women would advertise when they washed their hair.

Formerly, when a woman grew a weary of the world, she took the veil; now she marries a minister.

Divers in the British navy, before being passed as proficient in the craft have to be able to work in 12 fathoms of water for an hour and 20 fathoms for a quarter of an hour.

"I wonder what will be the outcome of the simple life."

"That's easy."

"What's the answer?"

"A simple death."

Read the following letters from patients treated and cured by Dr. Coe; they tell their own story:

Suffered for Twenty Years With Nervous Headache—Treated by Dr. Coe Considers Relief From Pain a Blessing—General Health Better Than It Has Been for Years—Takes Pleasure in Recommending Dr. Coe.

Ness City, Kas., July 6th, 1903.
Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Doctor:—I had suffered for twenty years with a pain in my head, and tried many remedies and doctors without relief. About four years ago I began taking treatment from you, and derived much benefit from same. My head and general health are better than for years. The relief from pain in my head is a blessing to me. You have always treated me with fairness and consideration, and I take pleasure in recommending you.
Yours very truly, J. W. BLAIR.

Their Little Girl Entirely Cured of St. Vitus' Dance—Treated in 1898—Had Been Afflicted for Six Months—Was Cured in Two Months' Time.

Kansas City, Mo., Sept. 12, 1900.
Dr. C. M. Coe.
Dear Sir:—Our little girl is now entirely cured of St. Vitus' dance, by your treatment in 1898. She was afflicted six months. Your treatment cured her in two months' time, and she has remained well ever since. Respectfully,
MAGGIE WACHSMAN,
S. W. Corner 18th and Askew Sts.

After Being Sick for Eight Years and Trying Many Doctors Without Permanent Relief, She Went to Dr. Coe and Was Cured—Now Well and Doing Her Own Work—Feels That She Owes a Great Deal to Dr. Coe.

Junction City, Kas., June 20, 1903.
Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Doctor:—It is now two years since I was treated at your Sanitarium in Kansas City, and I am well and doing my own work. Have gained thirty pounds in weight. I was sick for eight years before and had tried many doctors, but never obtained any permanent relief until I was treated at your Sanitarium. I feel that I owe a great deal to you.
Yours respectfully, MRS. J. T. ROMICK.

Greatly Benefitted by Dr. Coe's Treatment—Feels Like a New Person—Treated Four Years Ago and Has Been Perfectly Well Ever Since—Had Been Ill for Ten Years Before

Norton, Kas., June 16, 1903.
Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Doctor:—I will say that your treatment greatly benefited me, and made me feel like a new person. It has been four years since I took treatment from you, and during those years I have felt perfectly well, and have done more work than I had for ten years previously. I had been ill for some ten years before I applied to you for treatment. I recommend all sufferers to go to you. Yours truly,
MRS. J. CASE.

Successfully Operated on for Hemorrhoids—Found Dr. Coe a Skillful Operator—Treatment and Accommodations at the Sanitarium all That Could be Desired — Recommends Treatment to Other Sufferers.

Woodward, Okla., Nov. 3, 1900.
To Whom It May Concern:
I underwent a surgical operation for hemorrhoids at Dr. Coe's Sanitarium, which was successful. I found Dr. Coe to be a very skillful operator. His treatment and accommodations in the Sanitarium were all that could be desired. I cheerfully recommend all sufferers to consult Dr. Coe. J. M. D'LISLE,
Editor Bulletin.

Treated for Catarrh of the Bladder—Had Suffered for Years and Tried Many Remedies—None of Them Did Him the Good That Ours Did.

Knob Noster, Mo., Oct. 30, 1900.
Dr. C. M. Coe, Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in writing you concerning your treatment and the good it has done for me for catarrh and bladder. I suffered for years and had tried many remedies, but none ever did the good that yours has done for me.
Respectfully yours. F. T. THOMPSON.

There are two kinds of woman who will fool you—the married and the unmarried.

The two relatives of a man that cost him the most money are his uncle and his "ante."

When a woman is in the height of fashion her husband is often in the depths of despair.